

YOU CAN NOW GET THE HERALD FOR ONLY
\$1.00 Per Year
IN ADVANCE.

THE HARTFORD HERALD.

"I Come, the Herald of a Noisy World, the News of All Nations Lumbering at My Back."

HARTFORD, KY., WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 30, 1896.

VOL. XXII.

NO. 52.



DR. WILLIAMS' PINK PILLS FOR PALE PEOPLE.

ASK THE recovered dyspeptic, bilious, nervous, and all other victims of the blood, how they recovered health, vigor, and color, and they will tell you of the power of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People.

PURIFY VEGETABLE. The cheapest, purest and best Family Medicine in the World.

For DYSPEPSIA, CONSTIPATION, Indigestion, Biliousness, Headache, Depression of Spirits, RHEUMATISM, Heartburn, etc. This unrivaled remedy is warranted to be a safe and sure cure for all the above ailments, and for all other ailments of the digestive system, or any other part of the body.

PURIFY VEGETABLE. containing the Southern Roots and Herbs which an all-wise Providence has placed in countries where Liver Diseases most prevail. It will cure all Diseases caused by Derangement of the Liver and Bowels.

The SYMPTOMS of Liver Complaint are a bitter or bad taste in the mouth; Pain in the Back, Sides or Loins, often mistaken for Rheumatism; Sour Stomach; Loss of Appetite; Bile alternately constipated and loose; Headache; Yellow appearance of the skin and eyes; a sickly or jaundiced countenance; and a general feeling of weakness and depression of spirits.

We have tested its virtues, personally, and know that for Dyspepsia, Biliousness, and all other ailments of the digestive system, it is the best medicine in the world ever known. We tried other remedies, but none gave us more than temporary relief; but the Regulator not only relieved, but cured us.

Dr. J. H. ZIEGLER & CO., Philadelphia, Pa.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.
Jno. B. Wilson,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW
And Surveyor,
HARTFORD, KY.

SPECIAL attention given to collections and all kinds of business. Special attention given to collections and all kinds of business. Office with side of public square.

R. R. WEDDING,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
HARTFORD, KY.

WILL practice his profession in all the courts of Ohio and adjoining counties. Collections carefully and promptly attended to. Office with T. J. Smith & Co. Market Street.

J. B. VICKERS,
Attorney at Law
HARTFORD, KY.

WILL practice his profession in Ohio and adjoining counties. Special attention given to all business entrusted to his care. Office next door to the Republican office.

C. M. Barnett,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
HARTFORD, KY.

WILL practice his profession in all the courts of Ohio and adjoining counties. Collections carefully and promptly attended to. Office with T. J. Smith & Co. Market Street.

E. P. NEAL,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
HARTFORD, KY.

WILL practice his profession in all the courts of Ohio and adjoining counties. Collections carefully and promptly attended to. Office with T. J. Smith & Co. Market Street.

W. H. BARNES,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
HARTFORD, KY.

WILL practice his profession in all the courts of Ohio and adjoining counties. Collections carefully and promptly attended to. Office with T. J. Smith & Co. Market Street.

ARMISTEAD JONES,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
HARTFORD, KY.

WILL practice his profession in all the courts of Ohio and adjoining counties. Collections carefully and promptly attended to. Office with T. J. Smith & Co. Market Street.

GLENN WEDDING,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
HARTFORD, KY.

WILL practice his profession in all the courts of Ohio and adjoining counties. Collections carefully and promptly attended to. Office with T. J. Smith & Co. Market Street.

Jas. A. Smith,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
HARTFORD, KY.

WILL practice his profession in all the courts of Ohio and adjoining counties. Collections carefully and promptly attended to. Office with T. J. Smith & Co. Market Street.

GUFFY & RINGO,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
HARTFORD, KY.

WILL practice his profession in all the courts of Ohio and adjoining counties. Collections carefully and promptly attended to. Office with T. J. Smith & Co. Market Street.

J. R. HAYES,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
OWENSBORO, KENTUCKY.

WILL practice his profession in all the courts of Ohio and adjoining counties. Collections carefully and promptly attended to. Office with T. J. Smith & Co. Market Street.

F. L. FELIX,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
HARTFORD, KY.

WILL practice his profession in all the courts of Ohio and adjoining counties. Collections carefully and promptly attended to. Office with T. J. Smith & Co. Market Street.

Subscribe for THE HERALD—\$1.00 y'r.

NEW YEAR'S EVE SONG.

Stay yet, my friends, a moment stay—
Stay till the good old year
Has long companionship away.
Slaves hands and leaves me, yet
Oh, stay, oh, stay,
One little hour and then away!
The year whose hours were high and strong
Has now no longer to be sung
Yet one hour more of just and song
For the old year's sake.
Oh, stay, oh, stay,
One moment's hour and then away!
The kindly year, his liberal hands
Have lavished all his store,
And shall we turn from where he stands
Because he gives no more?
Oh, stay, oh, stay,
One grateful hour and then away!
Days brightly come and calmly went
While yet he was our guest,
How cheerfully the week was spent
How sweet the simple days we rest!
Oh, stay, oh, stay,
One golden hour and then away!
Dear friends were with us, some who sleep
Beneath the coffin lid,
What pleasant memories we keep
Of all they said and did!
Oh, stay, oh, stay,
One tender hour and then away!
Even while we sing he makes his last
And leaves our sphere behind,
The good old year is with the past.
Oh, be the new year kind!
Oh, stay, oh, stay!
One parting strain and then away!
—William Cullen Bryant.

AT SLUCE CITY.

A NEW YEAR'S STORY BY F. FREDERICK THOMAS.

[Copyright, 1896, by the Author.]
"Stay, boys, then two kids didn't have no Christmas; but, by thunder, they ain't got no New Year. Just cause they ain't got no mother's no reason they ain't got no deal of the deal."

"Now yer talkin'!"
"Right yer air, Pete."
"Then's my sentiments to a tee."

"Been so long since I knowed what New Year's was I've most forgot that was such a thing."

"You don't hev to know. All yer want to do is hev it in."

"But yer kin do that. Moway along the bar."

"Mine'll do."

The crowd of men lined along the bar in the little frontier town had soft hearts beneath their rough exteriors.

"'Fraid 'em a-civil by the side of the bar."

and the hat did not make a second trip to be comfortably laid, indeed, as the last man threw in his contribution it made a sum that guaranteed "no slouch of a New Year," as Yankee Hawkins said. The man at the end of the line dropped in a Colt 45, and in answer to a look of surprised inquiry waved his hand and said, "Busted."

The "two kids" had arrived in the town a month before with their worn-out, weary and, as was easily to be seen, dying mother. She was looking, she said, for her husband, who had left her nearly a year before to try to carve out a better fortune than was the lot of a Methodist minister in a small eastern town.

Whether he had stuck to his calling or had tried his hand at more secular work she did not know, but she had heard that he had started for Sluce City and had come there to seek him. Life away from him was nothing, she added.

Her husband seemed to sap what little strength she had left.

The morning after the arrival of the denizens of Sluce City, passing the tumble down cabin in which she had installed herself, heard the children crying. He stopped, listened, made as if he would investigate, and then, muttering "It's a shame!" passed on. He had not taken ten steps, though, until he suddenly turned back, and, walking to the open door of the cabin, peered in.

"Wait here," he made him uncover his head and stand staring at the bed.

There the little woman lay, and it needed no second glance to tell Pete that she had passed beyond all earthly sorrow.

The two little tots were standing by the side of the bed, crying and calling for their mother to give them something to eat. But that cry failed to reach her ears. They were past all mortal sound.

A jump came in Pete's throat, he swallowed hard two or three times, and then, for want of knowing what else to do, swore softly to himself.

Pete's experience with children had been limited, and he gazed from the two children to that silent form and back to the children again.

The contingent who were taking their morning "eye openers" at the bar gasped in astonishment as Pete stalked into the room with a tear-stained baby on either arm.

"Startin' a family?"
"Yessir."

"Didn't know you was a married man."

"Was you ever a parson, Pete?"
"Concluded to run up, hev you?"

"You fellows shot up! The little woman's dead, and there's two kids left all alone. Found 'em a-cryin' by the side of the bed, on her a-layin' there stiff as a cold."

An awkward silence fell upon the group at this, and Pete continued:
"A couple of my girls got out an dig her a grave while I fills these kids somethin' to eat."

Pete set the two children on the bar and with the help of the bartender, Vitrol Jim, soon had them eating heartily of bread and milk, wholly forgetful of their bereavement. At 8 and 5 o'clock, however, the children were two kids left all alone. Found 'em a-cryin' by the side of the bed, on her a-layin' there stiff as a cold.

An awkward silence fell upon the group at this, and Pete continued:
"A couple of my girls got out an dig her a grave while I fills these kids somethin' to eat."

Pete set the two children on the bar and with the help of the bartender, Vitrol Jim, soon had them eating heartily of bread and milk, wholly forgetful of their bereavement. At 8 and 5 o'clock, however, the children were two kids left all alone. Found 'em a-cryin' by the side of the bed, on her a-layin' there stiff as a cold.

An awkward silence fell upon the group at this, and Pete continued:
"A couple of my girls got out an dig her a grave while I fills these kids somethin' to eat."

Pete set the two children on the bar and with the help of the bartender, Vitrol Jim, soon had them eating heartily of bread and milk, wholly forgetful of their bereavement. At 8 and 5 o'clock, however, the children were two kids left all alone. Found 'em a-cryin' by the side of the bed, on her a-layin' there stiff as a cold.

An awkward silence fell upon the group at this, and Pete continued:
"A couple of my girls got out an dig her a grave while I fills these kids somethin' to eat."

Then Sluce City adopted the two orphans. Pete insisted that they should be under his personal supervision, and as what Pete said "went" in Sluce City the two children slept on one side of his cabin and he on the other.

The swearing, drinking, shooting six footer showed them all the care and gentleness that any one not a woman could show. He soon solved the little mysteries of their clothes, and it was a sight to bring moisture to the eyes to see the fingers which had been harder at a pistol trigger or a whiskey glass fumbling at the buttons and strings while the object of his attentions seriously imperiled the sight of his eyes or attempted to deprive him of a little handful of beard.

Many a night he had started up in his sleep, grasping his revolver, at a cry from one of his charges. He was jealous of the time he had to be away from them, and Vitrol Jim, to whom they were entrusted, during the day, was threatened with dire and awful vengeance should any harm befall them.

"One of you fellows," said Pete, "has got to ride over to Tucson with me to get the fixin's on presents. We're goin' to do this thing in bangin' style. While we're gone the rest of you kin get the tree an' greens an' hev 'em ready by the time we get back. We'll start over this a'ternoon an' git back tomorrow. I hate to leave 'em that long, but I ain't a-goin' to let no one else 'tend to buyin' the things—that is, of course, unless you boys hev some objections to me a-doin' it?"

No one had any objections to offer, or, if they had, they failed to mention them. Objections, as a rule, were not made to anything Pete chose to do, unless the objector "had the drop on him," and then it was a risky experiment.

With the contents of the hat safely stowed away Pete and Indifferent Ike moved their horses and took the trail for Tucson and a shower of parting injunctions from the crowd.

The tree and greens had been cut according to Pete's instructions, and the usual crowd were waiting their interiors and discussing what could have happened to delay the two dearies.

"Don't think that's any danger of their a-blowin' in the dust an' forgotten what they went for, do you?" ventured one.

"You'd better not let Pete know you made that remark. You might sweep New Year in a warmer climate than this."

The argument that threatened was averted by a yell from Con Brennan, who had been gaining up the road.

Here comes one on 'em, hell bent for election!"

Rushing out into the road, called by courtesy a street, they saw in the distance a horseman bent down over his animal's neck and lashing the beast furiously.

As they ran, came up to him he stopped his horse with a jerk and eyed in the saddle. It was Independent Ike, and as he slipped from his panting horse into their arms he gasped:

"Injuns. Pete's holdin' out down at the Bowlders. I come after you fellows. Must hev presents for the kids. Git a move on. I'm afraid I'm—done—for."

The last word was not uttered before there was a rush for horses, a quick saddling and quicker mounting and a score of men swept down the road to the rescue of "the kids' New Year's," and, incidentally, Pete.

At the foot of the immense rocks, seemingly dropped there from the sky and which were known as the Bowlders, there lay a dead horse with bundles and packages tied to his saddle, and above, in an opening between two of the rocks, stood the long barrels of two six shooters, at the other end of which was Pete.

A dozen yelling redskins, hideous in war paint, circled round the spot, firing their guns and making dashes for the Indian country. Give me here hand! You're a man, after all!"

Pete started forward with an angry light in his eyes as he thought of the woman who had died and the two children who had been left helpless on account of this man's desertion. But the man's next words disarmed him:

"I was coming here, but fell ill and lay two long weeks in the hospital. The first day I was able to sit up they handed me a letter from my wife, in which she said that she was starting for here to meet me. I started that very afternoon. It is a long walk from Prescott here."

"Two hundred miles, as I'm a sinner," ejaculated Pete. "An' through the Indian country too! Give me here hand! You're a man, after all!"

The next morning the person mounted an empty whiskey keg, kindly loaned for the occasion by Vitrol Jim, and, turning to his congregation, who, with bared heads and respectful attention, were grouped around him in front of the saloon, he spoke, while the tears rolled down his cheeks and dropped on to the shiny coat:

"My friends—I do not know what to say to you—the words choke me when I attempt to express my gratitude and indebtedness to you. I—I will speak this morning from the twenty-fifth chapter of Matthew, the fortieth verse. 'Verily I say unto you, Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, my brethren, ye have done it unto me.'"

A NEW YEAR'S CRY.

Jean Paul Richter on the Call of Remorse.

An old man stood on New Year's night in the window and looked with deep despair up to the motionless, ever beautiful sky and around on the still, pure, white earth, whereupon was there no one so perturbed and comfortless as he, for he was near his grave. It was covered by the snow of age and not by the verdure of youth, and he had brought nothing out of a long, rich life—nothing but a worn, a ruined soul, the heaviest fall of poison and an old age of remorse.

His fair youth time returned like a vision to him and took him back to the time when he had stood with his father upon the branching road of life. The right hand path led into the sunny land of virtue, full of light, good fruits and angels, a wide, still country. To the left was the underground path of vice, leading to a black hell, full of dripping poisons, writhing serpents and dark, stifling steam. Oh, how the serpents



RINGING THE NEW YEAR CHIMES.

Maybe I can make an impartial judge for you. This is not the time of year for quarrels between brother men."

Pete and his companions whirled around and faced the speaker who had had the temerity to interfere in their argument.

He was a small, thin man, with hollow cheeks, large, blue eyes set far back in his head and a clean shaven face. He

clung to his breast. Oh, the poison of his tongue! He knew well where he was.

Mindless and in reckless agony, he called to heaven: "Oh, give me back my youth again, O Father! Stand me on the branching path of life again, that I may live my life over."

But his father and his youth were gone long ago. He saw fondles dancing over the swamp and extinguished in the churchyard, and he said, "They are as my foolish days." He saw a star fall from the sky, shining as it fell, and then vanish in the earth. That is I, said his bleeding heart, and the serpents of remorse made still larger their wounds.

The flickering phantoms drew the creeping semanubulist out on the roof, and the windmill raised its arms threatening to dash him to pieces, and as his last hours approached the spirits of the dead came from their empty tombs.

In the midst of these terrors suddenly from the tower came the New Year's chimes like distant church music. He was deeply moved, and as he looked around the horizon and over the wide landscape he thought of his youthful friends, that now, better and happier than he, were teachers of the world, the fathers of happy children and blessings to mankind, and he said: "Oh, could I also on this first night of the year sleep with dry eyes as once I could! Alas, I should now be happy if I had only followed my parents' teachings and fulfilled their New Year's wishes for me!"

He was moved, and as he looked also on this first night of the year sleep with dry eyes as once I could! Alas, I should now be happy if I had only followed my parents' teachings and fulfilled their New Year's wishes for me!"

He was moved, and as he looked also on this first night of the year sleep with dry eyes as once I could! Alas, I should now be happy if I had only followed my parents' teachings and fulfilled their New Year's wishes for me!"

He was moved, and as he looked also on this first night of the year sleep with dry eyes as once I could! Alas, I should now be happy if I had only followed my parents' teachings and fulfilled their New Year's wishes for me!"

He was moved, and as he looked also on this first night of the year sleep with dry eyes as once I could! Alas, I should now be happy if I had only followed my parents' teachings and fulfilled their New Year's wishes for me!"

He was moved, and as he looked also on this first night of the year sleep with dry eyes as once I could! Alas, I should now be happy if I had only followed my parents' teachings and fulfilled their New Year's wishes for me!"

He was moved, and as he looked also on this first night of the year sleep with dry eyes as once I could! Alas, I should now be happy if I had only followed my parents' teachings and fulfilled their New Year's wishes for me!"

He was moved, and as he looked also on this first night of the year sleep with dry eyes as once I could! Alas, I should now be happy if I had only followed my parents' teachings and fulfilled their New Year's wishes for me!"

He was moved, and as he looked also on this first night of the year sleep with dry eyes as once I could! Alas, I should now be happy if I had only followed my parents' teachings and fulfilled their New Year's wishes for me!"

He was moved, and as he looked also on this first night of the year sleep with dry eyes as once I could! Alas, I should now be happy if I had only followed my parents' teachings and fulfilled their New Year's wishes for me!"

He was moved, and as he looked also on this first night of the year sleep with dry eyes as once I could! Alas, I should now be happy if I had only followed my parents' teachings and fulfilled their New Year's wishes for me!"

He was moved, and as he looked also on this first night of the year sleep with dry eyes as once I could! Alas, I should now be happy if I had only followed my parents' teachings and fulfilled their New Year's wishes for me!"

He was moved, and as he looked also on this first night of the year sleep with dry eyes as once I could! Alas, I should now be happy if I had only followed my parents' teachings and fulfilled their New Year's wishes for me!"

He was moved, and as he looked also on this first night of the year sleep with dry eyes as once I could! Alas, I should now be happy if I had only followed my parents' teachings and fulfilled their New Year's wishes for me!"

He was moved, and as he looked also on this first night of the year sleep with dry eyes as once I could! Alas, I should now be happy if I had only followed my parents' teachings and fulfilled their New Year's wishes for me!"

He was moved, and as he looked also on this first night of the year sleep with dry eyes as once I could! Alas, I should now be happy if I had only followed my parents' teachings and fulfilled their New Year's wishes for me!"

He was moved, and as he looked also on this first night of the year sleep with dry eyes as once I could! Alas, I should now be happy if I had only followed my parents' teachings and fulfilled their New Year's wishes for me!"

He was moved, and as he looked also on this first night of the year sleep with dry eyes as once I could! Alas, I should now be happy if I had only followed my parents' teachings and fulfilled their New Year's wishes for me!"

He was moved, and as he looked also on this first night of the year sleep with dry eyes as once I could! Alas, I should now be happy if I had only followed my parents' teachings and fulfilled their New Year's wishes for me!"

He was moved, and as he looked also on this first night of the year sleep with dry eyes as once I could! Alas, I should now be happy if I had only followed my parents' teachings and fulfilled their New Year's wishes for me!"

He was moved, and as he looked also on this first night of the year sleep with dry eyes as once I could! Alas, I should now be happy if I had only followed my parents' teachings and fulfilled their New Year's wishes for me!"

He was moved, and as he looked also on this first night of the year sleep with dry eyes as once I could! Alas, I should now be happy if I had only followed my parents' teachings and fulfilled their New Year's wishes for me!"

ended from masquerading after the fashion of the eighteenth century. Like his predecessor, Bismarck, he always appears at court in general's uniform.

At the court their majesties are received by the clergy in state, while simultaneously a boy choir of 200 picked voices opens the musical exercises, accompanied by a concert corps. The religious ceremonies are short, the sermon not lasting more than seven or eight minutes.

The grand court begins at once in the white hall. The emperor and empress, surrounded by the royal family, take their places on the throne, while the throng of nobles passes in single file, formally offering congratulations. The emperor often rises to greet them with a hearty handshake. Among those thus distinguished are the chancellor and the venerable generals who have seen service in the field. The Kaiserin is by etiquette forbidden to extend her hand to anybody on state occasions.

Meantime the thousands assembled outside await the moment when the Kaiser will descend and walk to the balcony. At the entrance to Unter den Linden. That is a spectacle which nobody who is anybody can afford to miss, especially as it occurs but once or twice a year. Presently the carriage gates of the palace are closed, the last four-limbed rumbles away. Five minutes more of patience, and the great portals opposite the museum are thrown open: the sentinels and troops of regular present arms, and the mounted "Schutzmann" thunder their last admonition: "There he comes! Hurrah! 'Hoeh! Hoeh! Hoeh!'"

The Kaiser, marching at the head of the column of generals and adjutants, looks almost tall in his high boots, helmet and the long, bluish gray overcoat with fur collar. He is not as beaueful as his father or as picturesque as his grandfather was, but is of strikingly dignified, honest and courageous appearance. He looks the typical German relieved of his natural heaviness. He can say sharp things and never shrinks from uttering the most audacious sentiments when least expected. That's why the Germans like him.

A Pleasant Prospect.

Wife—On Christmas day you came around with a nice skunkin' sack, and now you come around on New Year's with nothing but a measly little pin-cushion!

Husband (gloomily)—And tomorrow I shall probably come around with a sheriff.

A NEW YEAR BUDGET.

SEASONABLE ADVICE, TOASTS AND SOME GOOD WISHES.

Howells and Louisa Stockton on the Good Old Times—Fawcett on Encouraging American Authors—Jennie June, Clara Lanza and Captain King.

[Copyright, 1896, by the Author.]
If it were not for the peculiar sanctity of human nature, we should hardly welcome the New Year's as completely as we do. But

Hope springs eternal in the human breast. The excitement of writing a new figure at the end of the date is born of it, and there is more thought bestowed on the vanished past of old years than the probability of new ventures.

The season is a good one, after all, for every crusty fellow will stop to wish his neighbor a happy New Year's, and it is nothing like as unbecoming as one's birthday. The coming of the new year does not signify advancing age, but merely a chance of better time, a renewal of vigor and a leaving behind of past annoyances and worries. Mankind always was curious about futurity and ready in its search to trust itself rather to what may come than undergo a second edition of past experiences. Hamlet was not an ordinary mortal. We of the busy, everyday world never say in doubt, "Aye, there's the rub!" but go ahead and chance it like the cheerful gamblers we are. Win or lose, we must play, and there is always the chance of winning. And so sincerely and gladly it has come to be, "Ring out the old, ring in the new!" None voiced our spirit better than Bryant when he wrote:

These last days, Time—his kindless host—
That speeds its winged feet so fast,
Thy pressures pass not till they fail,
And all thy pains are quickly paid.

"What do you think of that?" I said to Julius Reuss Brown. "What of the New Year's and its observance, in your opinion?" A reply he dated to me from cosmopolitan New York contained the following words:

New Year's day has had an excellent effect in inspiring our minds and souls with fresh hope and renewed strength to continue the battle of life. New Year's sounds when it inspires old time. It yields expectations which, though wildly delusive, are delightful nevertheless.

Julius Reuss Brown.

Mr. Browne never fails to keep up the standard of his excellent literary reputation. He has always something to say and can say it in good, plain, well-chosen English.

When I asked Julian Hawthorne to pen a bright little something exclusively for this subject and occasion, he wrote from Pelham Manor the following concise motto:

Make your new year new—not the old year with a new name. JULIAN HAWTHORNE.

How much there is in this too! Resolutions run quicker than time.

The feather'd thing,
What I praise
The quivering of thy locks and call them rays,
Takes wing—
Leaving behind him, as he flies,
An unperceived dimness in thine eyes.

That which follows the clever pen of Louise Stockton wrote from her busy desk after a protracted absence abroad. This is what she calls her creed:

To me it seems that one of the great duties we owe our fathers is to state our hearts and

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report

Royal Baking Powder
ABSOLUTELY PURE

memories with the pictures that when we read them will
"Flash upon the inward eye"
Which is the bliss of solitude,
And so comfort and entertain us.

Louise Stockton.
The beautiful Marquis Luiza de Mercurio Bianca, the only daughter of ex-Surgeon General William A. Hammond, dates from one of her residences—The Elm, New London, Conn.—the following quality clever New Year's wish:

With the birth of the new year let the disappointments of the past become the hopes of the future.

CLARA LANZA.
The Marquis, not content to be famous through her husband, is the author of many successful novels and noted besides as the most accomplished mandolinist in New York. The Marquis, her husband, was in childhood a page to the queen of Italy and subsequently won uncommon honors for his bravery and daring in battle.

From the General Federation of Women's Clubs Jennie June writes